

SUMMERLAND.

The summer sun shines down in June, with tiring, blistering heat,
 All day we ache and sweat and toil to hoe the sugar beet.
 With aching back and throbbing head we view the endless rows,
 We long for the cool of evening, but it seems the slower time then goes.
 The soil is dry and hard and hot, the weeds are tough and strong.
 Even the cheerful Percy is too dry to sing a song.

Through the haze of pain a voice says, Go with Leslie now,
 To the twelve acre clover field, he'll teach you how to plough.
 Fatigue and pain then fade away, though I'm sorry for the other men,
 I thank the boss and follow Leslie, back to my tractor then.
 In the stackyard is an old blue plough that Leslie did prepare,
 With disc, coulter and mouldboard new, and gleaming, pointed share.

The plough must be adjusted first, so it pulls in firm and deep,
 Both furrows cutting evenly, the same depth and width to keep.
 The disc and skimmer turn the weeds so they're buried out of sight,
 Beneath the even strip of soil sliding of the breasts so bright.
 Straight and true the plough must run, to avoid the furrow wall
 Breaking up to cause an unsightly finish over all. *down*

Leslie cuts straight Hazel sticks, slender, long and lean,
 And strips one side to bare white wood, so that they're clearly seen.
 He finds a last years furrow then and sticks the wands in line,
 Then paces off eighteen yards from each, to find the next incline.
 With steady hand and practised eye, he opens the furrows, then,
 He turns to plough the other way, and fills them up again.

And so the days pass pleasantly, in the early summer sun,
 Ploughing up the summerland fields, each and every one.
 When the fields are hard and dry, through lack of summer rain,
 We'd go back to them all in turn and plough them back again.
 I learned to plough on the summerland, ready for the Autumn stretch,
 Ploughing then, till darkness fell, on each eighteen yard stretch.